1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

CHAPTER XII

LIFE STORIES OF LIVING KOLS

SUNNULAL: A KOL WHO STAYED IN HIS VILLAGE

I was born in the village of Kharara Ghat and was the youngest 159
of five brothers. There were also three sisters in my family, which was
a large one, as there are about fifty living relatives on my father's side [162]
alone. When I was about sixteen years of age my parents decided
that I should be married and they found a girl for me in the village of [582]
Barela. My wife and I have lived happily together, and we have had
two sons. My father died two years ago (in 1935). I have never had
to leave Kharara Ghat in order to earn money. I have always seemed
to be able to find things to do about the village and have earned
enough to be well supplied with the things I need. One thing I do is [482]
to go into the forest and cut wood which I carry on my head to
Jubbulpore. It is hard work, but it has to be done. My wife and
sons also help out by gathering *tendu* leaves for the *biri* manufacturers.
All of my five brothers live here in Barela. Together we control about [427]
fifteen acres of land which is rented from a *malguzar*. It is not all in
one place, but in three or four places. We all do our share of work [593]
on this, and the income from the wheat and pulse is shared evenly by
us. But all the money I make from selling wood, or grass, or *tendu*
leaves I keep myself and we do not share it.

I have become one of the *panchayat* of this village and take a
keen interest in the welfare of this village and our community. I
would like you to put a school in our village. The nearest school is [87]
four miles away—too far for our small children to go even if we were
sure they would be treated right if they were admitted. I can read a [212]
little and sign my name. I never went to school, but learned this from
a man in Jubbulpore, who used to teach me after I had sold my wood.
I even have bought some books.

I have no debts and do not drink any strong liquors. I have
never been seriously ill, nor had any serious trouble in the family, nor
have we suffered from the want of food and clothing. I have never
had an accident either even though I have gone on hunting expeditions
in charge of beaters. Very often some Europeans from Jubbulpore come [464]
out to our village which is close to good hunting places and I go with
them and show them where they may find game.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

PLATE XXVI.

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Bajranji—A Kol in Famine time.

[212]

Dholi—A Literate Kol.

[facing p. 248]

l;Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

159 I have tried to be an honest man and the police and government [648 forest officers trust me and have just offered me the post of *Sarkari* [622 *Mukaddam* (government headman) of my village. This is a very high 554] honour for me for which my friends will respect me very much.

BAJRANJI: A KOL AND A FAMINE[1]

I was born in Rewa, my *desh*, but I have no idea of the date of my birth nor of the names of my father or mother. When my parents left Rewa and came to Barela I was just an infant and didn't know much about what was going on. After three or four years my father died in Lunsar village while my mother died in Barela when I was thirty years old.

When my father died I did not get much property, but whatever I got was used up in feeding the people of the community at the time of his death, and later on more was spent on the ceremonial feast following my mother's death. At that time I had a few head of cattle, but soon after four of them were killed and eaten by tigers.

I have been married twice, and by my first wife had two children. The first child was a girl who is now married and who has children of her own. She is about twenty-one years old now. The second child was a boy who is now about twelve years of age. But when these children were about twelve and eight respectively their mother became [587] very ill and died. Whatever money I had, all was spent on her for her recovery, but it was of no use. Then I married another wife and this cost me to a great extent the remaining money that I had. [434] Between the two I spent all the money which I possessed, which was about Rs. 300/- in cash and I found myself moneyless.

When I was a boy I was very eager to learn, but it was very difficult for a Kol to think of studying with the Brahmins. The village school seemed reserved for them. So my parents could not send me and they didn't care much about my education, and though I couldn't [212] study I made friends with an educated boy and he helped me and I finished the first Hindi book, but that too I have forgotten and cannot now read nor write.

When my mother died there were three of us: my sister, my [164] brother and myself. Both my brother and sister have since died of plague here in Barela, but I was saved by God's grace. About eight years ago my brother died leaving his wife and children. I do not [545] keep her with me in our home for I know that it would be hard on me and my wife and that if I keep her it would really mean that there will

1 See plate XXVI.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

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be two wives in my house and they will always fight and quarrel, which I don't like at all. And I can only support one wife.

I have a second wife, but only one. She helps me in my daily work and comes out with me into the fields and helps me dig and till the ground and together we earn about eight annas a day. At other times we work on the farm which we rent. We have about one acre and must give one-third of the produce to the *malguzar*. If the crops are good we get some benefit, but if they are not it is not worth the labour. I sow my fields in pulse, wheat and *kodo*. (*Paspalum scrobiculatum*). Often we get enough to eat for the whole year from our field. For about four to six months we eat *kodo* and then for three to four months we eat wheat and in this way provide for our food. This year (1937) our crops failed badly and we did not get much out of our field so we have to work as day labourers wherever we could get work. Farming brings us less return than daily coolie work, even though the latter is irregular. I have also taken a contract for a piece of ground where lac trees grow and pay rupees five a year for the privilege of collecting the lac. The contract is for twenty years and is made with the owner of the forest in Silgnor village. I also graze my cattle there, and after deducting my animal tax I get a profit of Rs. ten or twelve per year. I don't like to work as a coolie as we are often mistreated when under the authority of one man. I prefer to take or make a contract with people who are good farmers and thus go and work in their fields according to my own free choice and desire. Thus I am saved from all kinds of mistreatments which are meted out by owners or supervisors, and this, which is true of me, is true of all members of our Kol community. We would prefer to die of hunger than to have our liberty taken away and be treated as slaves.

Once when I was very young a great crisis befell our family. It was at the time when almost the whole of India suffered from a great famine (1899-1900). As my father was dead the support of the family fell upon the shoulders of my mother. Every morning and evening she used to cut grass wherever she could gather it and sell it to the people who could pay. She used to bring roots from the jungles and prepare a sort of bread for us out of them. She even brought the leaves of certain kinds of trees and made them do as vegetables in our rude food. Oh, it was a very hard time for us, but a mother's love and care saved us from that great famine. She used to work all day long; and though she seemed to be very old she worked like a young woman. Finally, after it was over she fell sick and died. She blessed us before she died. Her blessings are still with me and since then I have not suffered the want of anything. Now I have a *pakka* house.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

PLATE XXVII.

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Phaggu—A Kol who turned Back.

Harlal—A Kol and Modern life.

[Facing p. 249]

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

159 and five children, two from the first wife and three from the second and we are living happily.

MOTIRAM: A KOL WHO BECAME A PROSPEROUS FARMER

I was born in Kotmi (in North East Central Provinces near Pendra). My grandfather came to Kotmi from a place in Rewa State and when he arrived here he had with him my father who was still just a boy. My father was a hard working man and when his father died he had to shift for himself and found work as a coolie wherever he could find employment. Finally he got together enough money to be able to purchase the right to farm a small bit of land. This land was obtained from the *malguzar* who was very kind to him. When I was still a very small boy and not long after we got this land my grandmother, who had lived to a ripe old age, died happily for she saw my father established on a piece of land he could call his own. My father had two brothers who also owned a share of the land and [428] helped start the farming, but both of them died without issue, leaving the control of the land with us alone. As soon as I was old enough to work I would go out with my father to tend the cattle in the forests. Later on I went by myself. When I was about twenty years of age my father died, but I had been married before that and I began to control the land and care for it.

I am now quite independent and all along have never had to work as a coolie for another person. I am very proud of this fact. I even hire other people to work for me for I now have twenty-two acres of land with a good house of thick mud walls upon it and cattle [651] sheds as well. I have about thirty animals: goats, cows and bullocks. I pay a yearly land tax to the *malguzar* of Rs. 9, and a tax on my carts and animals which amounts to Rs. 7 per year.

My family consists of four sons and one daughter. Two sons and one daughter are now married and live here in the same home with [871] me. They help me care for the fields and crops. A younger son goes regularly to the Mission School in Kotmi and studies in the third Hindi [481] class. I am glad that this son can get an education and I pay the regular fees for him. He is very clever, walks two miles to school and is very regular in his attendance.

Although I have always had money for our food and have never suffered that way, still we have suffered much through illnesses and death. We go often to the Mission dispensary in Kotmi for our [165 163] medicines. My first wife died but not before giving birth to seven

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

children, three of whom are now dead. They died of fevers and smallpox. I was married a second time and this wife has had but one child—the boy who is now going to school.

People around here count me one of the rich and well-to-do farmers of Kotmi, even though I am now only 35 years of age. I am now engaged in a controversy over a piece of land and the *panch* has not been able to settle it to my satisfaction. I have threatened to take the matter to court and I hope the *panch* will do the right thing.

PHAGGU: A KOL WHO RETURNED TO THE OLD PATHS[1]

My father was born in Barela and he held a few acres of land and farmed them and gained sufficient wealth to make us independent. He had nine children, five of them were boys and four were girls. Two of the sisters are now living, while two are dead. The time came when my father could not profitably farm his land so a Mohammedan of influence bought the field and father worked for him in the same field for forty or forty-five years. My elder brother is working as a factory coolie in Jubbulpore and I work as a coolie in Barela.

I too was born here in Barela. My father died when I was about thirty years of age. I did not get any share of my father's property, for when he died I was not at home but in Nagpur. I lived at home with my father for eighteen years and was then married. I started to school, but could not continue to study because the school master used to punish his students very much and once when he tried to punish me I tripped him up and he fell and hurt his head. I was then in the first Hindi. This was during the great famine.

By the grace of Narayan we did not die of hunger during this awful famine, for we had enough to eat, especially those first eighteen years when I never thought of hard work such as coolie work. When I was eighteen I took a rupee from father and set off for Nagpur and travelled without a ticket all the day. I would get off the train at every station and as the train started I used to get in another compartment. Thus I reached Balaghat and got a job in the Manganese mines where I worked for about ten years. I could not earn anything there except enough to feed me:

Jahan jao bhag,
Wahan lage Ag.
Age Age sab Sanichar ja raha hai
Tu kahan ja raha hai?

1. See Frontispiece and plate XXVII.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

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[539]

Wherever thou goest
There a fire flares up.
You are haunted by Saturn (ill luck)
So where art thou going?

This verse sums up the story of my life.

When I was in Balaghat I did not marry. I left work there and went on foot to Sukari to see my sister and stayed there for eight years. In Gondia I kept a woman with me, but did not marry her, and had [836 848] two children by her. From Sukari the four of us came by foot to Padriganj and from there bought tickets to return to Barela. We had but little money in hand, and although all our relatives were living together in Barela they would not take me back and I had to build a separate hut.

When I was ten or twelve years old I worked in the fort (Gun Carriage Factory, Jubbulpore) when its foundations were being built and for two years received four annas a day. Carrying dirt was my work at that time.

Just now, sir, I am very thin but before this I was very healthy and strong. Now I am working as a coolie and am settled here and hope never to leave Barela again. The woman I took to live with [163] me in Gondia is still with me and altogether she has given birth to seven children, five of them having died, two when they were quite old. My son is sick and often has fits.

[262] I have had a hard time in life. I have had no food and ate bread made of mango kernels and the flowers of the *semal* tree. And many other things which the ordinary man never eats. At the time of the great famine this was my lot. Rice was then four annas a seer, and we could not afford it. A few months ago I was very ill and we had [758] no money so my wife had to get roots and leaves from the jungle. When I am sick I am not able to work and we all suffer. I am ashamed to ask for help from any one. Three years ago we were both very ill and we simply closed the door and remained inside. Our relatives [602] didn't help us with either food or money, but both of us recovered.

[426] I have a debt of about Rs. 4 or 5 but never in my life have I taken a large loan. I never drink wine except when invited to some wedding festivities. I am not in this habit and know that it is not good to drink liquor. I don't know the disadvantages of drink because I don't drink. Of course this I know, that if you are intoxicated then anyone may come, kick you and rob you of what you may have on your person. There is loss of money too. The same money can be

l:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

used for children and in getting good food. I know nothing more than this. 159

Thus a Kol preaches to us a temperance sermon!

DHOLI: A LITERATE KOL AND MAGICAL PRACTICES[1]

We are two brothers and two sisters and our parents are still living and we live together happily. I am the younger son in the family. My elder brother lives separately. I was married when I was fourteen years old; now I am about twentyfour (1937). I started my school work when I was eight or nine. I did not have any trouble for two or three years when I was in school. My parents were very kind to me. I passed the first and second Hindi classes easily and happily. When I came into the third I could hardly study for three or four months, for I was bitten on the thigh by a dog. At once people began to give my parents advice as to what they should do and it was decided that a superstitious ceremony called *jharwana* should be performed. I was led around and forced to look into seven different wells and had *supas* waved over me. During this period some things like small bits of hair were found in the flour put out in a ring about the floor and this, it was said, showed that the dog was not a mad dog. After this was known my parents bought some medicines from a potter, Manawa Kumhar. After taking it I found blood in my urine and this lasted for eight days and I felt very ill. Then my parents gave me some curds and rice with sugar which seemed to make things even worse. My parents being ignorant and always listening to the advice of other people did not pay any attention to this new trouble but kept treating me for dog bite, saying that all my troubles were due to that. I was quite young and had no knowledge of these things and how I should take care of my health. I thought that I had lots of heat in my body and that is why I was suffering from these discharges of blood and hence I used to eat only those things supposed to cool my system. In spite of all this I did not stop my education and the reason for continuing was that I knew very well that I had become very weak physically and could never do hard coolie work, and therefore felt that I should study hard and pass my primary certificate exams, and then teach in some village school where I should get eight to ten rupees a month, which would be sufficient for my maintenance. That is why I kept paying but little attention to my health and kept on taking medicines and trying to work hard at school. The result was just the opposite because due to my bad health I failed in my

[582] 159 755 159

1 See plate XXVI.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

159 certificate examination. And my disease increased so much that it seemed that I was useless to the life of the world. Ever since the time the dog bit me I was put to sorrow, trouble and all sorts of miseries. And up until now I could not get rid of my troubles and my disease is increasing and it seems that sooner or later it will cause my death. At the present time I am much disappointed in life. This world has become meaningless to me and everything seems to come to nothinguess. At this time I seem to be absolutely unworthy of either heaven or hell. I pray that Bhagawan may never give such a mournful life to another.

With all these troubles and miseries of life I continued to study very labouriously. At least my classmates and teachers know of my hard study, or at least Bhagawan knows the heart of men and no one else. Fate! Thou art Wonderful!

HARLAL: A KOL STRUGGLING WITH THE NEW ORDER[1]

I was born in the month of *Srawan* (July-August), 1909 in the village of Burgi which is about 18 miles from Jubbulpore. My father was a railway worker and had a responsible position in the station at [465] Burgi where he got Rs. 30/- per month which was later increased to Rs. 40/-. My grandfather came from our country Rewa, but both my father and I were born in Burgi. As time went on my father had trouble with the railway authorities and could not bear their ill treatment. In addition to this he was not granted leave when he wanted to attend marriages or festivals, so he finally resigned and came to live with an uncle who was living in Barela. I was the first born child and was about seven years old when we came to live in Barela.

At present we are two children: my sister and myself. My sister was born after we came to Barela. When my father retired from the railway and came to Burgi he had a lot of money, but at that [273] time he was in the habit of drinking and it was all wasted in that way. Somehow, after it was all gone, he came to his senses and with the help of the *panch* and their influence he gave it up. With the little money that was left he made me learn the work of a carpenter and bought me [335] about sixty rupees worth of tools which helped me get started. Through the help of those tools I was able to earn a daily wage and live nicely. I can make tables, chairs, and most anything that an ordinary carpenter can make.

[876] As regards my education my father sent me to school, and I went for only a few days. Unfortunately the teacher began to punish me

1 See plate XXVII.

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

from the very first day and for two or three days he continued it, and so I thought that if this is all I am going to get in school every day then I had better stop, so I ran away from school. When my father discovered that I was not going he was very angry, and tried to compel me to go to school, but I ran away to Jubbulpore where I met another Kol who knew me and the family well and he cared for me for two days, and then brought me back to Barela. At this time I was about ten years of age. My father again and again advised me to go to school, but I never went again. Since that time I have regretted this very much, especially when I see some of my classmates (not Kols) who began their education along with me, and are now teachers in the same school in Barela. When they see me working as a coolie they laugh at my condition, but what can I do except put my head down in shame, for it was my own fault that I stayed away from school. I am able to read and write just a bit, but this is nothing compared to the education they have received. I really repent very much and curse my luck and fate.

When my father finally saw that I was not going to school and had no liking for it, he asked me to learn some trade and so I began to work along with him. Once he got angry with me during the working hours because I did not do just as he told me to do, and he punished me before other people; and as this made me angry, I ran away from home again, and on leaving I stole Rs. 22/- from my father and went straight to Narsinghpur (about fifty miles from Jubbulpore). I reached the station in the evening and got down from the train and wanted to stop in a *dharmasala* for the night, but the railway porters would not let me out of the station premises without a ticket, for I had none, and for fear that the money I had would be snatched away from me by a ticket-collector or a thief I had it in my private parts. As I could get no place in Narsinghpur I went straight on to Itarsi (about 100 miles further) without a ticket.

I stayed a month in Itarsi searching for work, but could not find a thing to do and there were not many Kols there. I knew I must go back to Jubbulpore as I had only Rs. 10/- left and it would soon be gone and I would be far from help. So I returned to Jubbulpore and searched for work. Fortunately I got work as a *panka* puller in a bungalow for the period of five months and received Rs. 12/- a month. To my great surprise I learned that my father had reported my absence to the police station in Barela and before long some of the police in Jubbulpore caught me and taking me to the police station began to ask me about my parents and the reason I left home. I told them everything and later they sent me with a policeman back to Barela

1:Griffiths M-5 (ca. 1940) 1946 AW37 Kol AW37

159 and my parents. My father asked me: "Harlal, did you bring any money with you?" I said, "Yes, I had money, but I spent it all." He did not say any more nor scold me, but asked me to live in the house and do coolie work along with them. But I did not like this and again left Barela and began to work again in the same bungalow where I was a *panka* puller and continued to work there for a whole year at Rs. 12/-.

Fortunately a big flood washed away the railway bridge over the Nerbudda river and there was much demand for workers to re- [464] build it. I went there and got a job and the railway authorities liked my work and were pleased by my skill and I was given the work of a blacksmith where I worked happily for six years.

During this time my father also was working steadily and was able to collect some money for my marriage as I was past the marriageable age. He called me back for the marriage and I had to return, because I too was anxious to get married and had some money [465] saved up for it. But after my marriage I again left home and went back to my work on the railway, for by that time I was getting Rs. 19/- per month, which is a very good salary. I left my new wife with my parents. My father came to see me at my work, and walked the whole distance of forty miles and pleaded with me to go back to the house because they were all missing me a great deal. So I took six days leave and came back to Barela. When the people of my Kol community saw me they all began to give me advice, saying that half a *chapati* in your own home is better than a whole *chapati* in another place. So I listened to their advice and did not return to my work on the railway.

After a year at home there arose a great quarrel between my [578] father and myself. My father began to ill treat me so that my wife and I left Barela and went to Kharara Ghat where my parent-in-laws and some other relatives were living. As there was much wood in the jungle about Kharara Ghat both of us began to cut wood and carry it to Jubbulpore to be sold there. But as time went on we became 159 very hard up for money and we asked our parents and relatives to 426 give us some money, but they absolutely refused, so we had to borrow money from a money-lender on security. We had some jewellery and ornaments, and with them as security we borrowed Rs. 100/- and with this we began to buy wood and collect it in a great heap near our village of Kharara Ghat. This we sold at a profit in Jubbulpore. In the meantime when my father thought I was well off he asked me for a loan of Rs. 25/- and as I had no cash at that time I had to refuse him saying that at present I had none. I also told him that I had borrowed money from others and had left the jewellery as security for

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that amount and that the money is being used in my trade of buying and selling wood. He got very angry at me for that and took away all the wood that I had, along with my bullock cart, and brought them to Barela. He not only took these things but also paid my debt at the money-lender's and took all our jewellery which I had left as security. So we became dependent upon him again, and our condition seemed helpless.

For two years both my wife and myself had a very hard time. We had no tools to work with, nor money, nor clothes, and also no heart to work anywhere. I borrowed Rs. 2/- but that amount was all spent for food. Later we took courage and again started to sell wood. We used to go out to the jungles together and I used to carry over a *maund* a day to Jubbulpore, a distance of eight miles each way. But this heavy work was too much for me and I became ill. For two more years we suffered very much. Father took away all that we had and so we were again without anything. After my health was recovered I again began to sell some wood and little by little I was able to carry greater loads to the city. By the money thus earned I was able to buy a few tools and by the third year we were again independent, and these tools are still (1937) helping me to retain my self respect and earn a living for my family.

At present I have learned to do many kinds of work: especially the work of a mason which I prefer above the others. I also do some carpentry work when it is available. I am able, when I work, to earn from eight annas to a rupee a day, and this is enough. But if there should be a long period without work we suffer.

I am still on bad terms with my father and while I am now living in Barela I am living in a separate house which I rent for eight annas a month. My sister is not yet married though she is about fourteen or fifteen years old. My first baby died when it was a month old but the next child, a son, is still living. I have only one wife. I don't want to keep two wives because they are no advantage and full of troubles.

Manbodhi: A Centenarian Kol

I belong to the Shivari family of Kols and was born in Rewa State about 100 years ago. When I was born my father was working as a serf for some farmer. When I was about 25 years old my father died, but he had left Rewa State when I was but fifteen days old. My maternal uncle brought our family to Jubbulpore where we stayed a few weeks and then started on foot to Nagpur (about 200 miles)

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159 In those days there was no road to Nagpur, but only a jungle pathway. We went to Nagpur because we heard that a road was to be started 159 there which was going to Jubbulpore and they wanted Kols to do the 464 work. We began to cut the forest from the Nagpur side and came toward Jubbulpore. But due to some *jadu tonha* (the spell of a magician) our Kols began to die and some of us were very much frightened. My father got permission to leave from the doctor and we came back to Jubbulpore another way, by the jungles of Mandala. Since that time we have lived here at Salivara (about six miles from Jubbulpore) where we have broken stones for the roads and done some other work if we have been able to find it.

159 I have seen two generations come and go and the men about us belong to the third. At present I am supervising work among the [627] Kols of this place who break stones and they call me *Mukaddam* or the head of the village. My financial condition is much better than the other Kols here because I farm a piece of land and have some goats [342] and cattle. I have a wife living with me but do not live in a house 178] with mud walls, but in a *jhopri* or hut. Why? Because our forefathers lived this way and I too prefer this mode of living.

The above life stories are the simple annals of Kols with varying backgrounds, and are recorded as they told them. They omit many things that one might like to know about, but give an insight into [123] what seems important to them. These stories were obtained only after long acquaintance and friendly contact.

The sketch of Sunnulal reveals a simple man who has stuck to his village with the opportunities it afforded and who has not attempted to break through his environment into the affairs of the outside world. As a result he is contented, and from the economic point of view has everything a village man thinks necessary. He has never had to meet the stresses and strains of an alien type of life.

Bajranji has vivid memories of the great famine and a mother's successful efforts to avert disaster. He shows the independent spirit of the Kol who would rather make a contract for work than take a daily wage and be bossed around.

Motiram, who lives in the "aboriginal belt" has also successfully maintained his independence and built up for himself a satisfactory economic situation. He respects himself and feels he can boss the *panch* and coerce it.

Phaggu is the sad story of a man who has wandered here and there and at the end has nothing to show for it. He is out of harmony

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with his group and lacks the support which would help him in times of difficulty. 159

Dholi is an example of a Kol who tried to rise above his environment and was pulled back into it and its superstition by ill health and worry. He feels his life is wasted and he sits around and mopes about it nearly all the time. Kols of his village laugh at him and say that is what education does to a man. [529]

Harlal is a cheerful chap who ventures away from the home fires and again and again tries to become independent. But he is pulled back just as he seems to get there. He too is out of harmony with his group, but just the same he is so tied to them that he cannot leave them. Harlal's father talked a lot to us about him and calls him a disloyal son.

In the last story an old Kol dwells upon the days when the main roads were being built in the Central Province, and on superstitions in connection with it. He does not have much to say and while he claims that he is well off financially nevertheless he still prefers the crude hut as a dwelling.

Raha chhora kuraha chale, turata dhokha khaya. [531]

Who leaves the road for a path, is soon astray.